i want you to destroy me so i'll feel better

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/78428171.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hazbin Hotel (Cartoon)
Relationships:	Alastor/Vox (Hazbin Hotel), Velvette & Vox (Hazbin Hotel), Alastor & Husk (Hazbin Hotel)
Characters:	Alastor (Hazbin Hotel), Vox (Hazbin Hotel), Husk (Hazbin Hotel), Velvette (Hazbin Hotel)
Additional Tags:	Omega Verse, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Alpha, Sexual Overstimulation, Multiple Orgasms, Forced Orgasm, Mating Cycles/In Rut, Alastor in Rut (Hazbin Hotel), Naked Cuddling, Cuddling & Snuggling, Fluff and Smut, First Time Topping, Top/Bottom Versatile | Switch Vox (Hazbin Hotel), Top/Bottom Versatile | Switch Alastor (Hazbin Hotel), Soft Alastor (Hazbin Hotel), Possessive Alastor (Hazbin Hotel), Soft Vox (Hazbin Hotel), Vox Not Being a Jerk (Hazbin Hotel), Alastor and Vox Have a History (Hazbin Hotel), Riding, Topping from the Bottom, Bottoming from the Top, Pathetic Alastor (Hazbin Hotel), Pathetic Vox (Hazbin Hotel), Begging, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Come Eating, Sleepy Sex, Sleepy Cuddles, Title from a Black Dresses Song, overuse of ellipses, I like them okay, Non-Traditional Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, First Time Bottoming, First Kiss, Love Confessions, Alastor Has a Heart (Hazbin Hotel), Husk is So Done (Hazbin Hotel), aka he knows, soft alpha, Alastor is Not Touch-Averse (Hazbin Hotel), Non Sex-Repulsed Asexual Alastor (Hazbin Hotel), Angst and Fluff and Smut, Mostly Smut, Alastor's rut is more like a heat, Premature Ejaculation, Subgender Sexism, why am i the second fic to use that tag, One-Sided Valentino/Vox (Hazbin Hotel), Depression, minor emetophobia, And I Mean Minor, it's just robot parts and written by an emetophobic person, Art, Fantasizing, Scent Kink, Breeding Kink, nobody gets bred but theyre certainly into it, Masturbation, Robot Gore, light gore, Kaiju Alastor (Hazbin Hotel), Getting Together, Happy Ending, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Fluff, dear god it's all fluff
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of radiostatic omegaverse a/a
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-27 Completed: 2026-03-03 Words: 16,940 Chapters: 6/6

i want you to destroy me so i'll feel better

by lychee_lyla

Summary

"Wait, hold on. You want me to fuck you?"

"No! The... other way around." Alastor looked away shamefully. "I forgot my pills, and well... you know how it goes. You're an alpha, correct?"

Alastor goes into a rut and asks for help; Vox agrees because of course he does.

Chapter 1: asking for help

Chapter Notes

edit: i downloaded grammarly so now i gotta fix every chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Excuse me, sir," Ethan walked into Vox's workroom with a clipboard in hand.

Vox looked up from his screens. "What is it?"

"There's an overlord meeting tomorrow night, would you like me to schedule you a ride?" he said, not looking up from his papers.

"Yeah, *whatever*. I have work to do," Vox gestured Ethan out of the room.

He left, his footsteps growing quieter as he walked down the halls.

"Vox."

"Holy shit, can I get a *minute* of silence?!" Vox yelled and stood up from his chair, planning to berate his assistant. Instead, Vox noticed there wasn't anyone inside- though there was something off.

He looked around. "Hello?... Who's in here? I'm busy, I don't have time for games."

"Vox." This time it was louder, more familiar. Almost sounded like-

Alastor pounced onto Vox and pushed him onto the ground.

Vox yelped as he hit the ground, luckily his screen didn't break. "What the *fuck*?! Alastor?!" he yelled as he tried to push Al off of him. They wrestled for a few moments before Vox landed a punch and leaped to his feet. "What the hell do you think you're doing in my office?"

Alastor breathed heavily as he stood up. "*Vox*, I-"

Surprise hit Vox when he realised Alastor had stopped attacking him, and he was also speaking strangely. "Are you... sure you're Alastor?"

The deer laughed, though it sounded more desperate than usual. "You're such an *idiot*..." He took a few steps towards Vox.

He instinctively walked back, realising he'd hit a wall. Okay, time to act confident. "Wow, Alastor. You've come crawling back, haven't you?"

Alastor narrowed his eyes. "You know what? I can do this myself-"

"Wait wait wait- really?! You're here to *join* me?!"

"You're even more pathetic than I thought. No, I'm not here to join you."

Vox tilted his head. "Then why did you show up in my office acting like you haven't slept in a week? Also- wait, what's that *smell*?"

Alastor pinched the space between his eyebrows. "I'm here to take advantage of our *deal*."

"Huh...? What deal?"

"I... *ugh*, don't make me say it."

What the hell was Alastor getting to? "Well, if you don't tell me, I'll have no idea!"

"When we were... *friends*, and you said you'd help me when I needed it. I need it now," Al spat.

"...That one? I thought you would've *ripped* the contract by now- wait, hold on. You want me to fuck you?"

"No! The... other way around." Alastor looked away shamefully. "I forgot my pills, and well... you know how it goes. You're an alpha, correct?"

"But if you know that I'm an alpha, why would you try to get with me? It would be easier with an omega..."

Alastor pulled a contract from thin air. "According to the contract, you won't tell a soul," he recited.

"Why are you even asking me? You have the contract that would make me do what you need."

"I'm not so *disgusting* as to force myself upon someone," Al looked towards a portrait of Valentino hanging on the wall.

Vox growled. "Are you insulting my colleague?-"

"-You don't really care, though, *do you*? Knowing you, you just want me to get started already."

Alastor read Vox like a book. He cleared his throat. "Whatever, let's just go to my bedroom." He teleported both of them to his room.

Alastor looked around. "I suppose we should disrobe ourselves, hm?"

"Yep," Vox said as he began untying his bowtie. He turned away from Alastor, suspecting he'd want some privacy in this situation. "So, have you done this before?"

"You're asking if I'm a virgin?"

"Tomato, *tomato*."

Alastor sighed. "Obviously not. Do you not remember when-" Alastor suddenly cut himself off.

"...When what?"

"When I-" Al paused, "when we first took advantage of the contract."

"*Excuse* me?! How come I don't remember this?!"

"We were just testing! And *very* drunk. I recall you had a few too many drinks that night." Alastor placed his clothes down, folded and all. "I'm done undressing, are you?"

"Almost," Vox took off his shirt and threw it on the ground with his other clothes. "Alright," he muttered, and sat on his bed. He looked towards Alastor, who also sat down, looking very embarrassed. There was fur on his forearms, chest, and-

"A *tail*?!" Vox gasped and hopped towards Al.

The deer leaned away from Vox’s bright screen. "Quiet down," he growled. He found himself staring at Vox’s gills.

Vox leaned back towards the headboard. "Fine, fine. So, what do you want to do? I'm not in a rut, so I don't really care," he crossed his arms behind his head.

"I don't know," Alastor said quietly.

The television thought for a moment, then smiled smugly. "So, what's your experience other than the night I don't remember?"

Al rolled his eyes. "You think you're funny?"

Just as Vox thought. "So I took your virginity, huh? Sucks that I don't remember it."

"Not exactly. There was no... *penetration* on either side."

"Okay, gotcha," Vox scooted closer to Al. "Luckily for you, I'm a switch. I'll give you some pointers along the way. I'll try to make it easier for you, we got some lube in the-"

"*Vox*." Alastor interrupted.

He blinked. "What?"

"**I don't have all day**," Alastor said in a glitchy voice as he pushed Vox down by his arms.

"Not much for foreplay, huh?" Vox smirked. "Whatever, I'll help you take care," he freed his arm from Al's grasp, "of that."

Alastor rolled his eyes. He'd been hard almost this whole time. "What do I do first?" he muttered.

"As I was trying to say earlier, the lube is in the top drawer."

The deer hopped off of Vox's legs, opened the drawer, and grabbed a bottle.

"Put some on your middle and pointer finger, then prep me."

The cold liquid seeped onto Alastor's fingers. He brought them to Vox's entrance and slowly pushed inside.

"You can go faster than that, I'm not new to this." Vox grabbed onto Alastor's left arm for reassurance.

The Radio Demon's fingers entered more quickly until they reached his palm.

"Now you need to thrust your fingers in and out, to spread the lube throughout."

The speed of Alastor's fingers increased slowly as he thrusted.

Vox suddenly flinched, and his cock grew harder.

Alastor paused. "What was *that*...?"

"S-sorry, you just hit a good spot. It should be enough lube now. Spread the leftover on your fingers onto your dick."

Alastor carefully wiped his fingers and lined up with Vox's ass. He nearly came with the contact alone.

"Wait- Al, can you... *hold my hand*? Please, just this once? You're bigger than I usually take..."

Alastor didn't know whether to feel complimented or disgusted. Clearly, the hormones were getting to his head, because he grabbed onto his arm, which he excused by needing stability to thrust. He slipped inside and groaned softly.

Vox's screen glitched slightly. "Fe-feels good, huh?"

"Yes..." Alastor whimpered and began thrusting. He squeezed his eyes shut, trying to control himself and save the embarrassment of finishing early.

"Al?..." Vox quietly spoke.

Alastor barely opened his eyes.

"Can you angle yourself upwards?"

The red-haired deer thrusted up, leaving more of a bulge in Vox's stomach.

"Unh- yes, like that!" Vox leaned into the pillow beneath his head and grabbed onto his headboard.

Al continued thrusting upwards, his pace increasing rapidly. Vox made lewd sounds with almost every thrust, with some nonsensical words in between.

"Vox... *Vox*- I'm going to-!" Alastor muffled his moans and came inside of Vox, then fell onto his chest.

Vox waited a minute, savouring the moment. This was the closest Alastor had gotten to him in a while. He then spoke up. "Hey Al, you do know we're not finished, *right*?"

Alastor lifted his head slightly. "Excuse me?"

Vox pulled up a hologram. "According to the contract, we can't stop until both parties have come," he then pointed at his still hard dick. "Besides, I don't think you'll feel better after one round."

Alastor looked at the contract, then back at Vox's smug face. "Fine."

"Don't worry about having to get hard quickly," Alastor gasped as Vox grabbed onto his dick and began jerking. "You'll be ready in *no time*!"

"Vox! Not so... quick," Alastor squirmed with overstimulation until he began melting to the touch.

Just as Al got used to the touch, Vox lifted his hand away. "Alright, you should be good now."

The deer took a deep breath and lined himself up once again. He entered, much faster this time. He planned to make Vox come as soon as possible. Al angled himself up to hit Vox's prostate over and over again. As he suspected, Vox became just as turned on as he was before.

"Oh, Alastor-!" Vox came, and it landed on his stomach.

But Alastor didn't stop. He didn't think he could. He was now back in gear and continued hitting Vox’s sweet spot every time.

Vox arched his back and wrapped his legs around Alastor's back. "Al, slow down- *please*!" His now-softened cock gained spikes of pleasure until it rose once again.

Alastor slowed his thrusting until it came to a complete halt.

The Television Overlord took a deep breath. "Why'd you stop?"

Alastor rested his forearms on either side of Vox’s torso, his red and sweaty face almost touching his chest. "Sorry... I'm- *ngh*- tired."

"Don’t tell me you're giving up now," Vox cupped Al's cheek. It was wet and warm to the touch. Instead, Alastor didn't say anything; he just sat there. "Wow, you're gonna make me do all of the work when *you're* topping *me*?"

The red-haired deer thrusted pathetically and toppled onto Vox’s chest.

Vox petted behind Alastor's ears. "Fine," he flipped both of them over, leaving Alastor on the bottom, still barely inside of Vox. "I guess I'll do all the work then," he said. He moved himself downwards, then back up again, repeated.

Alastor rolled his hips upwards. "*Vox*..." he groaned.

Vox quickened to a pace more to his liking, which was much faster than Al's original speed.

The Radio Demon grabbed onto Vox’s shoulders and dug his nails in. He let his head fall back onto the pillow and desperately humped higher into Vox. "Ah- Vox!" he came with a shout.

Vox didn't stop riding him. "Don’t you *dare* think we're done. I'm not stopping until I've drained *every last drop* out of you," he said breathily.

Alastor dug his claws deeper into Vox’s shoulder and whimpered painfully. It felt like he was dying again. But behind the pain the overstimulation was causing, there was a spark igniting in his abdomen with every thrust. Al felt himself hardening inside of Vox again. The come inside of Vox began leaking onto his thighs and Alastor's stomach.

"Al."

He looked up at Vox with lidded eyes and sweat rolling down his face.

"Y'know, you look *pathetic* right now."

"I could s-say the same about you."

Vox ignored him. "An alpha reduced to a sweaty, overstimulated mess, and you're the one fucking *me*. Speaking of overstimulated, how many more times do you want me to make you come?"

With that, Alastor came without moving much at all, the only noise leaving his mouth being a pitiful whine.

Vox laughed and began moving up and down faster, sloshing more come onto Al's stomach. "Wow, that was *cute*. Think you can go one more time?"

The overstimulation was too much for Alastor. Tears streamed down his face as he let out a sob.

"Um... Alastor?"

He couldn't bother to lift his head and continued staring at the ceiling. "*What*?" he said in a quiet voice without his radio filter.

"Do you want me to stop? Sorry if I pushed you too far," Vox muttered.

Alastor shook his head.

Vox grinned. "What was that? I need words if you want me to keep going," he said, slowing down his riding.

"**Vox**," Al said in a demonic voice, "please don't stop."

"If you insist," Vox wiped the demon's tears and continued riding, at a slower, more teasing pace.

Alastor sighed. "Can you hurry up?"

"I wouldn’t want to rush this even more for you, Al," Vox teased.

Suddenly, Alastor sat his torso up and grabbed Vox’s hips.

"Huh? What are you- *ugh*-!" The television was interrupted by Al roughly thrusting into him, ramming into his prostate every time. "Please- Alastor!"

"*Hng*- How does it feel to be- *ugh*- put in your place? You're quite talkative, so I thought I'd take matters into *my own* hands," Alastor's pleasure seeped through his words and disrupted

his confidence. His antlers grew. "Haha... *you worthless brat*. You just wanted to be bred, huh? If only you were an omega... then I'd really take control over you. ***Own you***."

"Gah- A-Alastor... *please*!" Vox couldn't tell what he was begging for anymore. Whether it was to slow down or speed up, it didn't matter. He was trying to angle Alastor's dick away from his sweet spot while riding him, to push away his inevitable orgasm, but now he had no control. Every thrust Al gave was adding more fuel to the fire.

Alastor's thoughts were racing, though they weren't filled with much. It was just the thought of breeding Vox and keeping him forever, just his. Not Valentino's, his. Never to leave him again.

Staying with him.

Eventually, Alastor came with a deep thrust, and Vox did the same and blue-screened, both releasing embarrassing noises while doing so. The Radio Demon fell back onto the bed and unintentionally brought Vox with him as well. He landed atop Al and didn't bother moving.

They both lay there until Alastor wrapped his arms around the other Overlord.

Vox reloaded to find Al sleeping. Well, no wonder. He did come like a *million* times. Seeing Alastor asleep was something that many people hadn't done. He had that scary look that would turn any run-of-the-mill imp into stone, and Vox admired that face. His eyes were wide open and bright red, while his mouth was in an unmoving wide smile.

Vox knew they'd have to clean up eventually, but it was so comforting to cuddle Alastor, and he certainly would leave once he was clean. Whatever, the come in Vox’s ass was beginning to be uncomfortable.

"Al..." he didn't wake up. "*Alastor*, we need to shower," Vox said, cupping his cheek.

The demon opened his eyes and seemed surprised to see Vox on top of him again, but not opposed. "Right," he sat up. "Where's the restroom?"

Vox pointed towards a door. "It’s there, next to the closet. And also, *I'm* using it first."

"Fine, I suppose I understand why. Don't take too long," he shooed Vox away.

The television scurried into the bathroom to run the shower. Now Alastor was left all alone with his thoughts. This rut was going to kill him, and there was still a week left. Well, Vox did accept his offer graciously... and made it somewhat enjoyable. Maybe it wouldn't hurt to ask for more help throughout the week.

"I'm done," Vox exited the bathroom, now wearing a towel around his neck and shark-patterned shorts. It made Alastor remember how uncomfortably naked he was.

"Do you have any clothes for me to wear?"

"Your clothes are folded on the ground, aren't they?"

Alastor rolled his eyes. "To sleep in."

Vox stopped in his tracks. "You're sleeping *here*?!"

"I... thought that was *implied*, but I can go b-"

"No way, I am taking this opportunity. You're sleeping here, now let me get you some pajamas," Vox rushed to his dresser and threw some baggy pants and a t-shirt at the deer. The pants were a blue plaid pattern, while the shirt was plain black.

"Thank you." Alastor grabbed the clothing and headed towards the bathroom.

Vox stared at Al's tail the entire time he was walking. When he left, Vox sat back on his bed. God, he was *so* tired. Maybe he could just lie down for a bit.

Chapter End Notes

alastor's sleeping face is referencing the face he has when he says "she's right, you know."

Chapter 2: sleepy

Chapter Notes

it's a short one but i needed more fluff

It was 3:06 at night, and Vox was feeling suffocated. His room wasn't usually this hot. There were arms sprawled across his bare chest. Alastor was spooning with him. Vox wondered if he did this while awake or moved into this position while sleeping. He shuffled a bit to get closer.

"Vox, are you awake?"

"...Yeah, did I wake you up?"

Alastor held his arms around Vox tighter. "Your screen gets really *bright* when you wake up."

Vox blushed when he felt Al pull him closer. He turned down his brightness to let him fall back asleep, but Vox wouldn't be able to sleep for a while.

"Can you go to sleep already? The blue light is hurting my eyes," Alastor mumbled.

"Um, not *really*."

Al lifted his head a bit. "What do you mean?" He noticed that Vox's screen was pointing towards his crotch, which was half hard through his shorts. "...*Ah*."

Vox turned his head to the other demon. "Can you help me?"

The deer squinted from the bright light. "No way."

"What?! I made you come like five times, and you won't even help me once!"

"It was four, and you ejaculated *twice* earlier. I'm sure you'll manage," Alastor went back behind Vox.

"No- *please*, Al. What do I have to do for you to help me? There has to be *something*," Vox turned to face the other demon.

"Nothing, just go to sleep-"

Vox placed his hands together to beg. "Please, I'll-I'll be a *good boy*, I just need this, Alastor!"

Alastor stared at him like a deer in headlights. "...*Fuck*, Vox." His face flushed. He slowly pulled down Vox's boxers. "You're lucky I'm enabling you like this."

"Yes- yes, I am, thank you so much, Al..." his screen glitched.

The Radio Demon wrapped his hand around Vox's cock and slowly stroked. It was slightly bigger than his own.

Vox's back arched, "Please, *faster*..."

"Don't tell me what to do," Alastor said.

"Al," Vox started, "you're hard, *aren't you*? I can smell you."

Alastor said nothing, just narrowed his eyes.

"So, would you mind if I did *this*?" The Television Overlord stuck his hand down Alastor's pajama pants and gripped his dick.

Al winced. "I don't *care* what you do."

"You're such a *brat*," his breath stuttered as the deer's fingers reached his tip, "aren't you, Al?" he moved his hand to the other demon's rhythm. "Move faster, and I will too."

"Ugh- fine, you *petty* television," Alastor moved his hand at a much faster speed.

Vox whimpered quietly and copied Al's speed.

The red-haired demon quickly covered his mouth and leaned into Vox’s touch.

"No, *I want*... I want to hear you," Vox grabbed Al's hand with his left arm.

"Tch... let go of me, you- *ugh*!" Alastor tried to force his arm out of Vox’s grip, to no avail. He gave up, leaned into the pillow beneath him, and closed his eyes. Soft whimpers left his mouth as it was no longer being guarded by his hand.

Alastor's come eventually covered Vox’s hand while his head fell back. His hand movement stuttered, so Vox let go of his arm, grabbed his hand, and made him thrust faster, coming into Al's hand.

They both lay there, chests heaving. Vox removed his hand from the other's pants and licked off the come.

Alastor stared at him, disgusted.

"It’s not that bad, you should give it a try," Vox said, smiling, pointing to Alastor's covered hand.

"Ew, no," he brought the hand to Vox’s mouth, "*you do it*."

"What?! I'm not going to eat *my own* come!"

Alastor got close to Vox’s screen. "I thought you wanted to be a *good boy*?" he mocked.

His screen turned a shade closer to cyan, hurting Al's eyes. His tongue slowly escaped his screen and licked the other demon's hand clean. When he was finished, he looked Alastor in the eyes pathetically.

"What are you *waiting* for?"

"For you to call me a good boy."

Alastor facepalmed. "...*Good boy*," he muttered under his breath.

Vox beamed. He turned onto his back while Alastor turned to face the outside of his side of the bed. "Can we-"

"What now?" Al interrupted.

"Can we please cuddle again?"

"Hah! *No*."

Vox sighed and turned to face the other side of the room.

About ten minutes later, Vox felt Alastor touching his back, then wrapping his arm on top of him. Vox quietly turned his head around 180°.

Alastor's eyes were closed, his smile was barely present, and he was breathing slowly. It looked exactly how someone would imagine him sleeping, but Vox knew otherwise. "I know you're pretending to be asleep, Al."

Alastor opened his eyes wide, silently asking how Vox knew. "*I*-"

"You don't have to pretend you're sleeping to be vulnerable with me," he pulled the deer closer and turned his head back to normal.

Al sighed in reply.

Chapter 3: overlord meeting

Chapter Notes

i think this is the longest chapter but im not sure :p

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Vox was woken up with a punch to the chest and his screen ringing. He quickly sat up and yelled, "Ow! What the fuck?!" He looked around and noticed Alastor's stressed expression and pinned-back ears.

"Answer the phone, you bumbling *idiot*! Velvette is calling your screen!" he yelled, seemingly having been awake for a while now.

Vox held his chest in mild pain. "You need to get out of here, it's a *facetime*!"

Alastor blinked.

"That means she'll *see you* when I pick up! And make it quick, if I don't answer, she'll *kill* me."

The deer searched for a place to hide. He scrambled underneath the blankets.

"How is that gonna hide-!"

"Just *answer the call*, Vox!"

Vox quickly opened up the call and moved the hologram in front of him, the mysterious Alastor-shaped lump in the blankets barely out of frame. "Hey~ Velvette. 'Sup?" he said,

holding up finger guns.

"Why the *fuck* did you take so long to answer?! It's a busy day today, and I don't have time for your shitty sleep schedule," Velvette walked while holding her phone.

"Ehhh... you know how it is, right?"

"No, I don't! It's 4:40, and some of us care about our jobs. And... are you fucking *shirtless*?! You couldn't even put on a shirt while my call was ringing?!"

Vox looked down. "Okay, my bad, I get it. What do you *want*, Vel?"

"There's an overlord meeting soon, remember? I told your shitty assistant, but I had a feeling you would be in bed all day on your day off."

"I don't usually sleep in, *it's just*- ugh, yes, I know."

"I need you to drive me later. And Val isn't coming, by the way," Velvette added.

"Okay, can do. See you soon. Bye, Vel."

"Buh-bye, Vee." Velvette ended the call.

"*Ugh*..." Vox groaned into his hands.

Alastor freed himself from the hot blanket. "What is it?"

"The overlord meeting later, I totally forgot. You going?"

"Why, of course! I'm newly back from my absence, so I shouldn't miss anymore meetings."

"Oh yeah, why were you even gone? I thought you had been exterminated-"

Alastor stood up. "*Well*, I should be leaving now. I'll change in the bathroom."

Vox lept to his feet and grabbed his arm. "Wait, you're leaving?"

"Why *wouldn't* I?"

"Because you... still have the rest of your rut! You said it yourself, I'm the best option since I'm under contract!"

Alastor's smile widened as he narrowed his eyes. "That's not the only reason you want me here, and it's *obvious*."

"No- please, Al. Don't go, I... *I*-!"

"I have a life to get to, Vox. Now let me go."

Vox slowly released his grip on Alastor's arm. "...See you at the meeting."

"Mhm," Alastor walked into the bathroom. Stupid Vox. He sat down on the bathroom floor and held onto his head, pulling his hair. It's like Vox wanted him to be cruel. And he was still wearing his stupid blue pajamas!

He took off the plaid pants and black t-shirt in a rage. Seeing his naked self reminded him of the night before. It made him shudder to think of how far Vox went... and how far he went as well. The worst part was how Vox embarrassed him late at night. He quickly finished changing into his normal clothes to avoid the thought.

The Radio Demon grabbed the clothes and shifted into his shadow to quietly escape the building. He made his way back to the hotel and reappeared at the entrance.

Charlie, Angel, and Husk all stared at him from the bar.

"Alastor! Where *were* you? We were so worried!" Charlie ran towards him.

"Nowhere of value, my dear. Best not to think about it," he wagged his finger.

"Okay, but what's *tha*t in your hand?" she pointed at the clothes in his arms.

Al quickly hid the clothes behind his back. "Hm? Whatever do you *mean*? Aha! I'll be in my room," he sank back into his shadow to enter his room without the awkwardness.

"...So, whose clothes do 'ya think *those* are?" Angel said.

"Don’t be stupid, I bet he just went to the *store* or somethin'," Husk rolled his eyes.

"No way! I have never seen smiles wear blue, or even *plaid*, honestly."

"Trust me, he'd never wear someone else's clothes."

"Aw, you're no fun. Prob'ly right though," Angel sighed and leaned on the bar table.

Alastor folded the pajamas and put them into his drawer. He didn't fully know why he was keeping them. Al sat down on his bed and checked the clock. It read 5:24, meaning there was about half an hour before the overlord meeting.

He got underneath the covers to get more comfortable, but it didn't work. His room felt too... hot. *Burning* hot. So hot he wanted to take off his clothes and pound Vox into the ground. Okay, ew, not that hot. The deer took off his jacket to cool down a bit. He felt his cheeks burning up.

He checked the clock again. 5:46. Alastor decided he would leave at 5:55, to arrive at just the right time. It was nice to think about something other than the heat consuming his body. Until he thought about it again.

Alastor stood up from his bed, leaving his jacket behind. He speed-walked towards the bathroom right outside his room. He definitely looked like a mess, but he didn't care.

Husk gave him a knowing look, then kept the attention from the others on himself. Alastor silently thanked him.

The bathroom was nothing like Al's bedroom. It was filled with pristine whites and *blues*. The blue reminded him of Vox. He hurried to the sink, poured cold water into his hands, and splashed it on his face. The water was a stark reminder of how hot his body felt.

He looked in the mirror. Looking back was someone unrecognizable. A blushy mess that looked like an omega in heat. The thought disgusted Alastor. How did he lose those pills? He had forgotten how desperate he got during a rut. What time was it? Al dried his face and walked back to his room.

The clock read 6:12. "Oh *fuck*," Alastor muttered. He *couldn't* miss this meeting. He told Vox he'd be coming, and- as *embarrassing* as it was to admit- he didn't want to let Vox down.

He rushed to grab his coat, brush his messed-up hair, and calm himself down. What usually calmed normal demons down when they went into ruts? Hm... breathing exercises? Alastor breathed in, held it, then breathed out. Okay, he should be fine.

He melted into his shadow and hurriedly made his way to the meeting site. When he entered the building, it was 6:38. He opened the door quietly.

"Ah, hello everyone! Hope I'm not interrupting anything important!" Alastor stood in the doorway.

Carmilla sighed. "Hello Alastor, fashionably late, huh? There's only one seat... *sorry*."

Al understood the apologies when he noticed Vox would be directly across from his seat. It would definitely affect him, just not in the way they'd expect. "It’s fine," he said. "Carry on!"

Carmilla looked surprised at the fact that neither of them fought about the seat, especially Vox, who was silent. "Okay *then*, back to business."

Carmilla's words went through one of Alastor's ears and out the other. It was hard to focus during a rut when his mate- no, *not mate*. When his... one-night stand was sitting right across from him, there for the taking.

Vox accidentally nudged his foot against Alastor's leg, and he felt a chill run down his spine. A radio screech left his body, appearing only in the static certain people- and dogs- could hear. Apparently, Vox was one of those people. He looked at Al and raised an eyebrow. Alastor didn't spare him a glance.

Vox began tapping his foot out of annoyance. Velvette tapped him and shook her head. The television groaned and rolled his eyes.

"Do you have something to *say*, Vox?" Carmilla said in a sarcastic voice.

"Ugh. N*o*," Vox sank into his chair.

"Then stop acting like such a *manchild*," Alastor muttered, staring Vox down, and tapped his fingers on the table. Nobody in the room expected him to be so clear with his insult.

Vox stood up from his chair. "*Excuse* me?!"

"Both of you, *enough*. There's no need to reignite petty conflicts in this room," Carmilla interrupted, putting both hands on the table, giving both Alastor and Vox a disapproving stare.

"What?! But *he* started it!" Vox pointed to Alastor.

"Vox!" Velvette grabbed his arm. "Just sit down, you're embarrassing."

The television growled and sat back down, arms crossed. He tried his best to keep his gaze off of Al, but he couldn't keep himself from taking a few glances.

When Alastor noticed Vox’s stares, he stuck his tongue out playfully.

Vox looked back at Carmilla, embarrassed. When he was looking at Al, he noticed his cheeks were a slight shade of pink that he recognized. His behavior was also leading Vox to the conclusion that he was being affected by his right now, and *badly*. He got an idea.

The sound of all the meeting talk was *boring* Alastor. He kicked Vox’s leg.

Vox stood from his chair. "That's it, Alastor! I am *done* with-"

"That's *enough*! I don't know where you two got these attitudes, but both of you can wait until the next meeting. Please go home," Carmilla pointed to the door.

Alastor stood up, pushing the chair back in extra hard, while Vox almost looked smug. They both exited the room and building, walking in single file. Al left the building first, then Vox caught up to him.

Suddenly, Alastor was pinned against the wall, tied up with Vox's wires. "What the *hell* do you think you're doing?" he growled, furrowing his eyebrows. He struggled against the restraints.

"You think I didn't notice how much your rut was affecting you? You're so desperate."

"You don't know a thing about me."

"Back in the meeting room, you were blushing, flicking your ears whenever I made a noise, and acting like more of a *brat* than usual. All *telltale* signs, if you ask me," Vox grabbed Alastor's shoulder. "I just needed a way to get us out of there, and it worked perfectly! I'm known for my charisma, y'know?" He tightened the wires.

"Ugh- we're in public, you *idiot*," Alastor winced at the pressure from the wires.

"I thought you loved the attention!" The television smirked.

Alastor glared at him.

Vox sighed. "Fine, fine. I'll take you somewhere more private." He teleported both of them to Alastor's room. "*Better*?"

"What?! No!" Alastor whisper-yelled, "The walls aren't soundproof enough."

"Guess you'll just have to be quiet," Vox said, pushing Al onto his bed.

"I'm not the one who has to be quiet; *you* were so loud!"

"Don’t worry, I'm only loud when I'm bottoming," Vox crawled on top of him.

The deer had a confused look. "What? You’re- *oh*."

"Hope you're ready. You got any lube in here?"

"What do you think?"

"...Yeah, *my bad*. I'll be right back," he said, teleporting to his room.

Alastor thought about the size of Vox’s dick in his hands. He couldn't even wrap his hand around it. He didn't check, but it was probably as long as his hand.

"I'm *back*!" Vox teleported back into Alastor's room, holding a bottle of lube, filling the room with small sparks of lightning.

"You're so dramatic," Alastor rolled his eyes and crossed his legs.

Vox set the lube on Alastor's nightstand. "Whatever, you love it." He crawled back on top of him. "You ready?"

"...Just get a move on already," Alastor looked away in shame.

"Good." Vox began taking off Al's jacket, then his own. "What are you comfortable with? I kinda forgot to ask last time."

"Um... everything last time was fine. And maybe- *I don't know*," Alastor blushed hard. There was a lot he wanted to say, but it would be far too embarrassing to say aloud.

Vox took off his shirt and then got close to Alastor's face. "Oh yeah? What other stuff do you fantasize about me doing to you?"

The deer backed his head away from the harsh light of his screen. "I don't know, okay?"

Vox sighed. "That's a shame. Okay, lift your arms," he said, grabbing the hem of Al's shirt.

Alastor obliged, turning his head to the side.

"Wow, aren't you *obedient*!" The Television Overlord laughed. He took the shirt off of Al, leaving them both shirtless. "I got an idea," he started, "since you won't say what you want, I'll just do what I want, and if you don't like it, you use a safe word?"

"Like *'stop'*?"

"No, something else... How about *'frown'*? Say the word, and I'll stop what I'm doing. And if you can't speak, then just punch me in the chest, like earlier."

"Fine. But just so you know, I'm not as *weak* as you think."

Vox shrugged. "Nothing wrong with a safe word! Now, get ready for me," he said, unbuttoning Alastor's pants. They were pulled down along with his boxers, down to his ankles.

Alastor's erection was finally freed. He'd been half hard since he got back to his room, and had been fully hard since Vox pushed him against the wall.

Vox threw Alastor's legs onto his own shoulders. He grabbed the bottle of lube. "Have you ever touched yourself down here?" he asked.

"I'm an alpha, I didn't think I'd have to."

"Alright, I'll go easy on you. At first," Vox poured a few drops onto his middle finger and rubbed it around. "Take some deep breaths, I'm going to start in a second."

Alastor sank into his bed. He felt the television's finger slowly entering his body. It was a strange feeling; Vox’s finger felt cold. His hands shook as he grabbed onto the sheets.

The finger slowly began thrusting in and out, and the claw skillfully avoided scratching.

Alastor felt fear building in his chest, yet he also felt the conflicting feeling of pure arousal; the feeling that any touch would make him burst.

"I'm adding another finger now," Vox said softly. The pointer finger slipped in with ease. "You wanna see something cool?"

Alastor's breath was heavy despite the lack of contact. "What?"

Vox curled his fingers to find Alastor's prostate.

Alastor covered his mouth to dampen a loud moan. He arched his back and came on his stomach.

The television stared at him, amazed. "Wow, I only touched it *once*!"

The deer's head fell back as his eyes shut.

"Hey, you are *not* falling asleep yet," Vox grabbed onto Al's softening dick, "I haven't even gotten inside you yet."

Alastor gasped as if he was brought back to life. He gripped the sheets and whimpered. "Please... why do you always... do this-!?"

"I thought you said you liked everything last time? *Unless*... you want me to stop," Vox let go of Al's cock.

Alastor sighed. "Don't be *petty*, Vox. It's getting old."

"That's what I thought," Vox continued, jerking Alastor off slowly until he was halfway hard. "That should be good enough now." He removed himself from between Alastor's legs and finally took off his pants. "You have *no idea* how long I've been waiting for this, Al."

"Hm, it's more obvious than you think."

"I don't *care* if I'm obvious anymore. I get a week full of fucking you."

"I think you're forgetting who's in a rut here."

"Yeah, whatever, who cares. I am so *fucking* horny," Vox jumped back towards Alastor.

"Ugh, don't jump on my bed..."

Vox’s chest heaved. "*Shut up*. You can't tell me what to do. I'm going... *to bree*-" he interrupted himself. "Oh shit, I'm in a rut."

"Really? *Couldn't tell*," Alastor said sarcastically, yet his fear was visible while he backed into his headboard.

"Haha, you're just trying to set me off now, aren't you? You little brat," Vox caressed Alastor's face.

Al furrowed his eyebrows. "Get away from me."

Vox gave Alastor's nose a lick, and in return, Al gave him a look of shock.

While Alastor was distracted, Vox rammed his dick into his ass.

The deer yelped into his hand, his radio filter turning off. Holding his hand to his mouth barely muffled the sound.

Vox began thrusting in and out.

There was a knock at the door. "Alastor, are you in here?" It was Charlie.

Both of the overlords went silent.

"Okay, I'm coming inside!"

Vox dragged Alastor to the floor beside Al's bed, where they were invisible- if Charlie stayed in the doorway. The television roughly took hold of Alastor's mouth to prevent noises. It would've been much easier to hide if Vox had stopped thrusting once they hit the ground.

Charlie opened the door. "Oh, he's not here. But his room is such a mess! Niffty! Can you come clean-"

"-That's not a good idea," Husk interrupted. "He prefers cleaning his room alone."

"Yeah, you're probably right. He seems like the type of person who'd hate people in his room without permission," Charlie sighed and closed the door.

Vox made sure Charlie left, then looked back at Alastor. He was blushing hard, eyes rolled back, and sweating bullets. It looked like a scene from one of Val's pornos. The television gave a soft thrust, and the red-haired deer immediately spurted more semen onto his own stomach. Vox released his grip on Al's mouth and heard a soft groan. "Sorry, didn't wanna get caught. Seems like you did, though."

"D-did you *have* to keep fucking me?" Al said with heavily lidded eyes.

"It wasn't even that hard, you're just sensitive. Now come on, we're not doing this on the floor," Vox pulled out of Alastor and grabbed him with a bridal carry.

"We're *still* going?!" Alastor grabbed onto Vox’s shoulder.

"Of course! I haven't even come once, not my fault you came twice."

"How is it *not* your fault?!" Al crossed his arms.

Vox ignored him and threw Alastor back into the bed. "Let's get this show back on the road."

Alastor rolled his eyes at the other demon's corny metaphor, but spread his legs nevertheless.

"Aw, you're just like an obedient little omega when you're desperate," Vox whispered, rubbing the inside of Alastor's thigh.

"Ugh, why are you so *intimate*?"

"Sorry, forgot you hated foreplay," Vox grabbed Al's jaw once again, then fully entered him in one thrust. He felt his hand vibrate with noise. "Is this better for you? Just kidding, you don't need to answer."

Alastor's body moved pathetically with every thrust. His eyelids covered most of his eyes, leaving only his red sclera and a hint of his irises visible. The hand covering his mouth was definitely becoming wet because of the humidity. His tongue occasionally felt Vox’s salty, cold skin- if that's what it was.

"Al... a-are you close?" Vox asked, screen a bright cyan colour.

Alastor nodded.

"Okay, me too. Can I- *ugh*!- come inside?"

Alastor nodded again.

"Can I... *kiss* you?"

Alastor hesitated, then nodded.

Vox let go of his face, then immediately rushed his screen towards him. Alastor tried to kiss the screen, though it felt extremely awkward- as if he were kissing a window.

Vox pushed his tongue inside, and Alastor froze. Of course, he'd kissed someone before, but not like this! The blue tongue wrapped around Alastor's, and he did nothing. He instead focused on the taste of Vox's mouth. It tasted like a mix of metal and coffee, much more different than its neon-coloured appearance.

Vox gave one hard final thrust and came deep inside Alastor. The feeling of being filled tipped him over the edge, and he came onto Vox's stomach.

To Alastor's surprise, Vox leaned in closer and wrapped his arms around Al's back. Alastor hesitantly reciprocated, grabbing the sides of his screen.

Tears began streaming down Vox's screen, and he removed himself from the kiss. "Al... *I love you*."

"...Vox," Alastor wiped the tear that exited his television-head.

"I can't keep doing this. *Please*," Vox sniffled, "please just accept or reject me. I can't stay in this limbo."

"..."

"...I'm *sorry*, Vox, I just..."

"Okay. *I'll leave*," Vox sat up, slipping out of Alastor.

"But- you're still in your rut!" Alastor reached out his arm.

"I can find someone else, and so *can you*. Someone who can *take* this," Vox grabbed his clothes off the ground. "Goodbye," he teleported back to Vee Tower, not sparing Alastor a glance before he left.

"*Vox*..." Alastor's voice broke.

Chapter End Notes

i think i am addicted to writing this fic

Chapter 4: maybe food would help

Chapter Summary

vox is depressed

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was fine that Alastor didn't care about Vox. Actually, it was perfect! That meant Vox could finally get back to work, instead of filling his mind full of thoughts like ‘Wow, that *tail*!’ and ‘I miss him already.’ Thoughts like those did nothing good for a person. Though he did still have his rut…

Thankfully, Vox was made with perfectly coded technology that could do practically anything he wanted. Letting his rut pass naturally did feel nice sometimes, but it would just be easier to rip the seed out before it grew. Vox began ringing Ethan's phone.

Ethan answered quickly. “What do you need, sir?”

Vox sat down on the side of his bed. “I got a Code Cyan, be quick.”

“I-I'll be right there!” Ethan immediately hung up.

Vox shoved his clothes back on, leaned against his headboard, then shut off his system. It was much easier for Ethan to edit his code while he was asleep.

“Sir? Ah, good morning,” Ethan turned on Vox using the buttons hidden behind his screen. Nobody else but he and the Vee's knew, for it was his biggest weakness. It was useful in some

situations, though if it were discovered by anyone else, the power would absolutely be abused. “It’s been removed from your system. If you have any more issues, please call me!”

Vox didn't say anything, just nodded. Being woken up this forcefully was always jarring, no matter how often it happened.

Ethan scurried out of his room, holding a toolbox and a clipboard in his hand.

Vox’s body felt much less hot. His body only had two temperatures: burning hot or freezing cold. It was usually the latter, because his body only became that hot during a rut or some really good sex.

According to his screen's built-in clock, it was 3 am. With nothing else to do, he decided to just go back to bed and not think about anything or anyone. Using his power button felt too aggressive, so he opted for naturally falling asleep.

Vox woke up at 5:21 am. It was much earlier than the time he usually woke up for work, but even so, he didn't feel like working. VoxTek could handle being alone for a day. He sent a message to the Vee group chat, which Val replied to immediately. Vox didn't bother checking. He couldn't tell why, but he had been a bit annoyed at Valentino lately. He hadn't done much wrong–well, to Vox–that could warrant such discomfort.

There was a knock at Vox’s door. He grunted, letting them in. The door rushed open

“Hey Voxxy!”

“What is it, Val?”

Valentino sat on the edge of the bed, smiling at Vox. “So… You're on your rut, right?”

Vox facepalmed. “No, I made Ethan get rid of it.”

“What?!” Valentino stood up, wings flapping slightly. “You *promised* you'd go all out on me on your next rut!”

“Why do you even care? It's not like you're an omega.”

“Ugh, shut up! You know I hate when you talk about that.”

“Honestly, I'd probably stab myself with angelic steel if you were in heat.”

“It sounds so good~!” Valentino cried. “And you have no right to complain about ruts! I can't believe you just get rid of them! I would totally take advantage of them. I would breed anyone who comes close… God, I hate being a fucking *beta*!”

“I get it, Val. You complain about this like, every chance you get,” said Vox.

Val sat back down, creeping closer to Vox. “Come on,” he placed one of his hands on Vox’s leg, caressing it, “don't you feel even a bit hot and bothered?”

“No.” Vox was straight-faced. “Actually, I feel sick. *Contagiously* sick.”

“Ugh, fuck you too then!” Valentino stormed off and slammed the door, opening his phone, probably to dial up some whore.

Vox curled into his pillow. He wasn't lying to Valentino. He was sick, though not physically. The only physical symptom he had was his stomach hurting slightly. It felt like he was going to vomit, though he was doing fine with his health. It was purely the emotional toll weighing on him from the night before.

70 years was a long time. For 70 whole years, Vox loved Alastor. For 70 whole years, Vox craved Alastor's touch–and he'd finally gotten it. It was all taken away because Vox was too stupid. Too pathetic for Alastor to consider him something more than a hookup. Too disgusting for Alastor to care. Wow, maybe he *was* going to vomit.

Vox ran on instinct, rushing to his bathroom. He grabbed a bucket and let the mix of metal parts and mysterious blue liquid fall from his mouth. It tasted disgusting, and it smelled disgusting. Maybe it meant the hurting in his stomach would disappear, at the very least. He set the bucket down and moped back to bed.

The stomachache did disappear, though it was simply replaced with utter emptiness. He was hungry but felt too sick to eat. He instead sank into his bed. Vox grabbed a pillow and cuddled it. Even after his ruts were removed, he still felt the more normal side effects. The biggest and most life-affecting side effect was wanting to be close to his mate.

Vox eventually fell asleep.

Even after Vox woke up, he was still tired. It was still dark outside. He couldn't tell whether he slept too much or too little. Vox sent Ethan a text about the vomit bucket in the bathroom then covered his head with his blanket. It felt like his shirt was suffocating his gills. He ripped it off, throwing it across his room.

Ethan eventually came, then left, the door opening and closing quietly in case his boss was sleeping.

After about 10 minutes, the door opened again, much louder this time. “Oi, Vox! It's 8 pm, wake up!”

It was Velvette. Vox removed the blanket from his head silently.

“Val told me you were acting depressed again.” She didn't look up from her phone while talking. “How ‘bout we do something? Y'know, up the team morale.”

“I'm *sick*.”

“You'll be fine. Some food will help you. Come on, get up.”

Vox sat up and jumped out of bed, putting on his hat.

“Maybe get dressed first.” Velvette looked at the barely dressed man. “Wait, I have the perfect outfit for you!” She snapped a suit into her hands and changed her own clothing. She was now wearing a black laced dress with a navy blue jacket, matching blue heels, and translucent black tights. Her hair also changed into a bun with a navy blue headband. The suit she was holding was the same shade of blue as her jacket, with a white collared shirt and a black tie. Vel threw the outfit at him, and it magically appeared on his body. “There we go. Now let's go hit the fuckin’ town!” Her voice was filled with excitement, a stark contrast to Vox, who was hunched over, barely standing.

“Where are we even going?” Vox felt the outfit. It felt stuffy, though it did look nice. He could always count on Velvette for that.

“That place near Carmilla's factories. I hear their steak is better than Dante's Inferno–I *gotta* test that for myself.”

“Hm, I could go for steak.” He smiled.

“There’s the Vox I know! I called up a limo in advance, let's go!” Velvette grabbed Vox’s upper arm. They both rushed through Vee Tower and ran into the limousine.

The car was jet black with Vee branding on the sides. It drove through the streets of Hell until it reached the large restaurant. It had a large open door with a man standing outside with a list.

Velvette walked up to the man, hands on her hips. “‘Sup.”

“Do you have a reservation?”

“Do *we* need one?” Vox fiddled with his suit, making sure he looked just right.

“Ah, overlords are exempt." The bouncer looked up from his list. "Come on in.”

The two overlords strutted into the restaurant. They had gotten used to having all eyes on them.

A waiter rushed to their side. “Welcome to Magma Eats, we're so happy to have you here! Where would you like to sit?”

Velvette pointed to a table in the middle. “There.”

“Um, sorry ma'am, that table’s taken…”

“Does it *look* like I care? Kick them out or something,” she said.

The waiter scurried to the couple sitting in the middle before moving them to a booth farther away. He ran back to the two Vee's, almost out of breath. “Right this way,” he pointed, his fox tail twitching.

They didn't spare the waiter a glance before sitting down in the luxurious seats.

“What a pushover,” Vox mumbled.

“I know, right?” laughed Velvette.

The waiter handed them a menu each. “I'll leave you two to make your choices,” he said, about to walk away.

“No, we know what we want.” Vox stopped the man from leaving.

“Right, of *course*. What will it be?”

“I'll take the Surf N’ Turf with a side of fries and a water.” Vox stared at the menu.

“And you, ma'am?”

“I'll have the same as him but with a cola instead.” Velvette scrolled mindlessly on social media.

“I'll be right back.” He left their table.

“So, whatcha think of the place?” asked Vel, setting her phone down.

“The atmosphere is fine, I guess. All that matters to me right now is the food.” Vox rested his elbows on the table with his screen in his hands. His head hurt.

She rolled her eyes. “So… What’s got you so depressed?”

“Nothing. I told you, I'm just sick.”

“Mhm, right…”

The waiter walked to their table with a glass of water and one with cola on a tray. He set the drinks down on the table. “Here you are… Your food will be here soon.”

“‘Kay.” She didn't bother looking at the waiter, who then walked away. “Anyway, did you see how strange Alastor was at the overlord meeting?”

“Mm.”

“He was *totally*- Wait, what's with that reaction?”

“What?”

“Don’t have anything to say about Alastor? Y'know, the guy you've *hated* for like 70 years?”

“Oh, right- Yeah, he's… Stupid.”

Velvette looked at Vox suspiciously. Her eyes investigated the strange look on his face.
“What's with you?”

“Nothing!”

“I don't believe you for a fuckin’ second. Something is bothering you, and you're not telling me. And it *definitely* has to do with Alastor.” She took a sip of her drink.

Vox drank some of his water in retaliation. “I don't give a fuck about Alastor.”

“Don’t make me start guessing.” She crossed her arms.

“There’s nothing for you to guess.”

“He beat you in a fight, and now you're pissed?”

“No.”

“He embarrassed you in front of all of Hell again?”

“No.”

“You two were secretly dating, and he broke things off?”

Vox paused for just a second. “*No*!”

“No way. I'm right, aren't I?!” She laughed.

“No, it's just- Absurd! That you would think that!” He panicked.

“So, why'd he break up with you?”

Vox groaned. “...He wasn't the one who ended things,” he muttered.

“What?! I thought you were like, super obsessed with him!”

“I have my reasons. And I don't have to share them–not when I already feel sick.”

“Boo, you're boring.”

The waiter was back with two plates. He placed them in front of the two overlords. “I hope you enjoy your meals!”

“Thanks, bye,” Vox said.

The two Vee's ate in mostly silence. The food was good. The steak specifically was better than the steaks they sold at Dante's Inferno. The tension between the demons was getting thicker with every minute.

“I'm *full*. Can we go?” Velvette pushed her plate away.

Vox’s mouth was full of lobster. “You haven't even touched your fries yet.”

“I'll reheat ‘em.” She opened up her phone.

“Fries are never good reheated,” explained Vox, wiping his mouth. “But fine, we can go.”

“I don't feel like waiting for the check.” Velvette pulled $250 from her wallet. “Let's just go.”

“That's *my* money you're wasting.” He narrowed his eyes in frustration.

“It’s not a waste if it's a good deed, Vee. Try it sometime.” She sat up from the chair and readjusted her short dress, then shoved her fries into a container in her purse. “Let's get the fuck outta here. I'll call the limo driver.”

Vox took a few fries before standing up as well. They walked to the exit and stood outside, waiting. “How long will she take to get here?”

“Prob'ly just like 5 minutes.”

He scratched the back of his neck as they stood in silence. “Don’t tell anyone about Alastor.”

“Right, won't tell a soul, babes.” She didn't pay attention to Vox, only looking for the limousine.

“I'm serious. Not even *Val*. Alastor would kill me.” Vox stared at the ground.

Velvette sighed. “Fine. I promise I won't tell anybody about your strange old man ass relationship. Happy?”

Vox nodded silently. “I don't know if it even counted as a ‘relationship’.”

“Hm? Then what was it?” she asked.

“Um… We just did couple things, but he said he didn't… Hey, look, it's the limo!” Vox pointed to the car pulling up to them.

“Ugh. Tell me later.”

The car stopped in front of them, then the doors opened automatically. The drive back to Vee Tower was a quiet one. Neither sinner spoke up, the only noise being ambience from outside and occasional sounds from Velvette's phone.

Vox wondered when he'd see Alastor again, and how it would go. Would he be angry to see him–or worse, would he ignore him? Would he even care? Clearly not as much as Vox did. Why would he care? Vox was just a way to lessen his rut, after all. He tapped his finger on his leg.

The food did make Vox feel better, though it didn't help the overarching feeling of sorrow. His mate didn't care. Alastor probably would stab Vox with an angelic weapon if he heard him calling him his mate, but it didn't matter anymore. Did *anything* matter? Vox couldn't tell. He felt blinded–the past, present, and future feeling muddled in his mind.

He changed into his usual clothes to feel more comfortable, though his jacket was missing. Vox looked all over his room to no avail. Then he remembered–there was only one place it could be.

Vox forced a smile to appear on his screen. He summoned a burst of lightning and teleported to Alastor's room.

BONUS: vox and velvettes outfits

Chapter End Notes

idk why i struggled with writing this sm i think i just need to write more healthy radiostatic

Chapter 5: all alone in my bedroom

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"*Vox*..." Alastor's voice broke.

Vox had just disappeared into a flash of lightning, leaving Al all alone.

Despite the come resting inside his body, Alastor felt empty. He checked the clock on his wall; it read 1:28. At the very least, he'd be able to head to the bathroom and take a shower. He grabbed a robe and hurried to the restroom.

Alastor was finally clean. He finished drying himself and crawled back into his bathrobe. The restroom door was quite loud, so he had to be careful to avoid talking to any residents of the hotel. He grabbed the handle and slowly exited the bathroom with a creak.

"Alastor. We need to talk," Husk was looking at Al with an annoyed expression.

"What is it? It's quite late, Husk."

"Somewhere private. Not your room, come with me," Husk beckoned Alastor into his room.

Husk's room was very dark. As the demons walked in, Husk turned on a neon blue and red light, then sat on the side of his bed.

The deer sat in the desk chair. "What is so important that you must disrupt my sleep schedule?"

"You're the one disrupting *my* sleep."

"Excuse me?"

Husk pointed to a wall. "Our rooms are right next to each other, 'ya idiot."

"What are you implying right now?" Alastor's claws sank into Husk's chair.

Husker sighed. "Relax, I'm not judging. It's pretty obvious you're in a rut."

The Radio Demon's irises twitched to the side. "Sorry, I don't know what you're talking about."

"I don't care if you deny it. I just needa ask... who did you bring into the hotel earlier?"

"I- I didn't bring *anyone*-"

"It was the television demon, right?"

"Husk. This is *highly* inappropriate," Alastor resisted the urge to leave and instead resorted to changing the other demon's mind.

"And don't worry, the others don't know," Husk grabbed a cookie. "Want one?"

"Wha- Why would I pick *Vo*-?! You know what, I'm leaving!" Alastor stood up from the chair, then stood by the door. Green energy emanated from his body as he turned his head

towards Husk ominously. "Say a word to the others, and I'll *hang* you with that chain of yours."

"...Got it," Husk said. "Just be sure Vox doesn't cause any trouble."

Alastor felt as if he had been stabbed when he heard Vox's name. He left Husk's room without another word.

He walked into his room and slammed the door. The red-haired demon took off the bathrobe and sat on his bed. He needed pajamas, and he fought the urge to rush into Vox's clothes.

Some urges are just too strong.

Al put on the pajamas he wore on the first night with Vox. He looked around his mess of a room, then noticed something on the back of his chair. The deer walked over and grabbed the mysterious item. It was Vox's striped jacket. Just to experiment- he put the jacket on. The sleeves reached the tips of his pinky fingers. Well, it was already on; why waste time taking it off? That's what Alastor told himself anyway.

He remade his bed and hopped under the covers. Alastor found himself taking a sniff of the jacket, and then... tears left his eyes. He couldn't understand why, but he was sad. *The Radio Demon* wasn't someone who cried. He couldn't remember the last time he had cried- well, because of sadness. Only a few tears managed to escape before Alastor regained control over himself.

Alastor forced himself to sit up. He made his way to his vanity, leaned his arms on the table, and looked in the mirror.

Looking back at him was a weak, pathetic prey animal. His ears were pinned back, and his eyes shiny. Al grabbed his handkerchief and wiped the few tears that left his eyes. He hated crying.

Alastor walked back to his bed and slowly fell asleep.

"Alastor?"

Al blinked his eyes open. Husker was standing in the doorway. The deer sat up, the blanket lifting off his chest.

Husk's jaw dropped a bit. "Are you fuckin' wearing-"

Alastor remembered the clothes he'd chosen as pajamas the night before and quickly covered himself with his blanket. "What do you want?"

"Charlie asked me to ask if you wanted to do a team exercise, but I'll just tell her you fell asleep early. It's 6 pm, by the way." Husk facepalmed. "Please don't bring Vox here again, at least go to his house..."

Alastor furrowed his brows. "Get out. Now."

Husk shut the door. It was muffled, but Alastor heard him yelling about him being asleep.

Alastor couldn't tell how he managed to sleep so long. Most likely the rut hormones. And maybe some depression. Now he certainly wouldn't be able to fall back asleep. Though he would have to pretend to, because Charlie's bonding exercises were nothing short of dreadful.

He turned his radio to a quiet volume and grabbed a newspaper. The radio station Alastor preferred often played songs he enjoyed. The songs were usually from the 20's, which was obviously the best generation, if you asked Alastor.

The radio began playing a song Alastor recognized. It was ‘The Song is Ended’ sung by Annette Hanshaw. A classic, really. He hadn't heard the song in quite a while, and good old-fashioned music always had a way to worm itself into Alastor's ears. He listened to the lyrics while reading the paper.

My thoughts go back to a heavenly dance

A moment of bliss we spent

Our hearts were filled with a song of romance

As into the night we went

And sang to our hearts' content

The song is ended

But the melody lingers on

You** and the song **are gone

But the melody lingers on-

Alastor shut off the radio with an abrupt stop. What stupid lyrics. He switched it to a different, unknown station. This station wasn't his usual, so what would be on the air could be unpredictable. Still better than *that* song, Alastor thought.

The station was partly static, though he could still hear the song playing. It was something by Frank Sinatra, but Alastor didn't know the song. It sounded sweet. Sinatra wasn't someone

Alastor listened to often, but he could tell he had talent. He sank into his bed, listening to the comforting music.

Most of the lyrics went out one ear and out the other, but it slowly became clearer to Alastor's mind as he skimmed over the words in the newspaper.

The time is right, your perfume fills my head

*The stars get **red**, and, oh, the night's so **blue***

And then I go and spoil it all

*By saying somethin' stupid like, "**I love you**"-*

Alastor crushed the radio. Of course, he had spares, but these songs were beginning to tick him off. Maybe reading would be easier in silence–but he'd already reached the end of the page. He hadn't retained any of the information, but didn't bother checking again.

All he could focus on now was the heat consuming his body. He put the newspaper onto his nightstand and threw his blanket on the ground. Alastor's body felt sweaty and disgusting. And now, there wasn't even a good way to relieve his urges. Sure, he could… Do it himself, but he didn't know what to do.

There was one person who knew what to do, and Alastor had stupidly pushed him away. What did Vox do that Alastor enjoyed? There were a lot of things he did that Alastor found himself liking, but there was no way he could do it to himself. He didn't have the stamina, he couldn't make himself feel loved, and he wasn't Vox. Even if someone else did the same things Vox did, it wouldn't matter to Alastor. At some point, Alastor had unintentionally become attached to Vox.

He shivered at the thought–sadly not because he was cold. If only he were cold, that would solve about half of his problems. His forehead and back felt sopping wet with sweat. Alastor

stretched his arms to his sides.

He then realized something. He desperately wanted to breed Vox. To keep him forever and never let go. To hide him away from all of Hell and protect him with his life. To sink his teeth into Vox’s skin and see what it tastes like. Alastor found himself hardening at the thought.

He tested the waters and rubbed against his half-hard crotch. His skin felt too sensitive, even when touched through his pants. Alastor let out a quiet groan. That stupid television, getting him all worked up again…

Alastor took Vox’s jacket off and shoved it into his mouth. It still smelled like him, though Alastor's heat radiated from it. It was slightly uncomfortable, but Alastor needed Vox’s scent. Desperately. It was hard for Alastor to admit he was desperate, but at this point, he couldn't avoid the thought. Alastor desperately needed Vox. The same way Vox needed Alastor all those years. Alastor brushed him off, thinking his own feelings for him would go away and stop making him feel pathetic. But it never worked. Maybe Alastor was just a pathetic person.

He grabbed the waistband of his pants and pulled them down to his ankles. His cock was embarrassingly hard. What would *Vox* do to him?

Vox would probably jerk him off slowly, calling him dirty names all the while.

Alastor copied the movements he imagined Vox doing.

“*You're quite the slut for me, darling*-” No, Vox wouldn't talk like that. He always had that stupid-sounding vocabulary that somehow had Alastor swooning. “*Such a slut, baby*,” he would say. Yes, that's better.

“Yes…” Alastor murmured.

“*You're a slut*?” Vox would laugh.

“Just for you,” Alastor replied to his fantasy. His words were slightly muffled by the jacket in his mouth.

“*So good. Such a good boy*.” Vox had shown interest in the term ‘good boy’ that night together. Would he call Alastor that? Alastor–no, Vox sped up his hand movements. “*Are you gonna come for me*?”

Alastor nodded breathlessly.

“*Wow, that's fast. You're so inexperienced, I love it.”*

“I'm not… inexperienced. We've spent many nights together,” Alastor spoke quietly.

“*Hm, you're right. But… I don't want to end our fun just yet.”*

Alastor felt compelled to lift his hand a second before finishing. If Vox were really here, he probably would've yelled at him–but this was entirely of his own volition. He remained silent, his breath heavy.

“*Such a good job. I bet you wish you were coming inside me.*”

Vox didn't have to bet anything. He was simply a figment of Alastor's imagination after all, meaning Alastor most definitely did want that. He nodded.

“*Of course you do. With every day that passes, you become even more perverted. It's a bit disgusting, but don't worry, I probably enjoy it*.” Vox would wrap his hand around Alastor's dick again.

“Mhm.” Vox was here in almost every aspect. The jacket in his mouth provided the scent, his imagination gave the sound of his voice, his hand moved as if it were Vox’s, but Alastor couldn't see Vox. Because he wasn't here.

Alastor's hand sped up. He clenched the jacket in his mouth tighter.

Vox wasn't here because Alastor was a coward. A weak one, at that. The mere sound of Vox’s voice had nearly had him finishing once, and he was certain he was about to.

Then a flash of lightning appeared in front of Alastor.

Chapter End Notes

i actually liked writing this chapter more than i thought i would

Chapter 6: please, let me...

Chapter Summary

> “Um… I was just here for my jacket, but this seems like a bad time-”
>
> Alastor reached his arm out instinctively, “No, don’t go!”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

> Vox appeared in Alastor’s room with a flash of lightning. “Hey, Al, long time no- Whoa!” his eyes went wide.
>
> Alastor was biting Vox’s jacket while jerking off. When he noticed Vox appear, he pulled his blanket up to hide his compromising position, dropping the jacket out of fear. “Why, hello there,” he said breathily, face getting hotter by the second. It was useless to act confident.
>
> “Um… I was just here for my jacket, but this seems like a bad time-”
>
> Alastor reached his arm out instinctively, “No, don’t go!”
>
> Both of the demons were silent.
>
> “I… want to *apologize* for last time.” Al couldn’t look Vox in the eyes.
>
> “Y’know what, now isn’t the best time for that,” Vox sat down on the side of Alastor’s bed. “I don’t wanna leave you hangin’ there,” he pointed between Al’s legs.

The deer hesitantly lifted the blanket and threw the jacket on the ground. It's not like he needed a hint of Vox's scent when he now had the real thing.

"I'm gonna need that back, by the way."

"But I need the scent."

Vox grabbed Alastor's calf and rubbed it slowly with his thumb. "Then come over more often, *baby*," his eyes softened while saying the pet name. "Or I'll just give you a sweater or something, because that jacket is basically my whole brand." Vox looked at the other side of the room, closer to the door. Lying on the ground was the pair of pajamas Alastor took home with him. "Were you wearing those?"

Alastor rolled his eyes. "They're *comfortable*."

"I just didn't think they were your style. I thought you'd wear some… frilly nightgown, or something."

"That's not what *you* gave me, though."

"You're just wearing them… because *I* chose them for you?"

"Do you really need *everything* spelled out for you?" Alastor crossed his arms.

Vox chuckled. "Okay, okay. I'll take what I can get from you." He moved in front of Al. "Now, let me help with this. You haven't been with anyone else since, right?"

"Nobody."

“How many times have you jerked off since?”

“...Just earlier.”

Vox smiled creepily. “You were thinking of me, weren’t you? That’s why you had my jacket.”

“You don’t have to ask me questions you know the answer to.”

The television ignored him. “Were you imagining what I’d do to you if I found you in this state? How I’d *punish* you?”

“***Vox***,” Alastor growled. He grabbed Vox’s hand and brought it to his dick. “Enough with the dirty talk.”

“...Well, that’s forward. Give me a sec,” Vox immediately began undressing himself and threw the clothes on the ground. He pounced back onto Alastor. “So, how should we spice up this time? Got any kinks ya’ wanna share?”

“Listen. I’m not as experie-”

“-There’s gotta be something. Tell me, I won’t judge!”

Al sighed. “I don’t know-”

“That’s *it*, Alastor,” Vox brought his hand towards the other demon’s face and showed off some electricity. “You’re going to tell me now, or I’ll shock you until you end up *liking it*.”

Alastor’s face reddened. “...Go ahead,” he said, turning his head away shamefully.

The Television Overlord blinked. “Wait. You *like*- No way. I can’t believe I didn’t try this from the beginning!” he laughed and reached for Al’s ears, then sent rough shocks.

Alastor arched his back. His now-softened cock rose higher as he humped into nothing. When the electrical attack was over, he realised there was drool running down his chin.

“Oh my god, you look so pathetic!” Vox laughed. He grabbed Alastor’s chin and wiped the saliva. “I am *so* taking advantage of this.”

“Don’t get *too* excited,” grumbled Alastor.

“How can I not be excited? So what, you're a masochist?”

“Unfortunately. Don't forget that I'm also sadistic, which I don't believe you'd enjoy much.”

“Hm, debatable.” He grabbed Alastor’s cock and rubbed the pre-come around the tip. “Were you going at it *dry*?”

“Maybe. So what?” Alastor resisted the urge to immediately moan upon contact.

“You're so inexperienced.”

Alastor felt deja vu. “You like it, though, don't you?”

“You read my mind,” Vox said, smiling. He let go of Alastor's cock, edging him once again.

He gasped and grabbed Vox’s arm. “Keep going.”

Vox seemed to come up with an idea before continuing the motions on Alastor's dick. “Fine…”

Alastor humped into Vox’s hand mindlessly. Embarrassing whimpers left his mostly sealed mouth. “Vox, I'm going to-”

He lifted his hand again, giving Alastor a mocking look. “Oops.”

“Stop that!” Alastor sat up and crossed his arms.

“I'll let you come if you ask *nicely*.” His hand was back onto Alastor, shifting up and down again.

Alastor breathed heavily as his eyes forced shut. “Please…”

“Please, *what*?”

Sweat raced down his cheek. “Please, can I…” He gulped. “Oh *fuck*, please just let me come, Vox!” Alastor said quickly, rushing the humiliating words out of his mouth.

Vox’s smile widened as his hand sped up. “That’s a good boy.”

“Unh-!” He spilled into Vox’s hand, then his body collapsed back into the bed.

“Y'know, you're pretty good at begging. I'd probably let you do anything if you begged hard enough.” Vox licked up the liquid. “You'll need a few more rounds, right?”

Alastor nodded with his eyes shut.

“Of course, you go crazy on your rut. Would you rather bottom or top?” Vox asked.

He sat up. “I don't mind.”

“Hm, it'll probably be easier for you to top since you're the one in a rut.”

“I thought you were as well?”

“I removed it from my system after we…”

“...I'm sorry-”

“Don’t mention it. Seriously. I don't wanna think about it. It's easier if we just keep it as enemies with benefits, right?” Vox looked away.

“Right, of course.” Alastor rubbed the back of his head.

He sat in silence before clearing his throat. “I don't want you to collapse on me like the first time, so I'll just ride you again.”

“I still wanna be a bit more dominant this time,” Alastor mumbled.

“You could be the one moving my body,” Vox suggested. “Like with your tentacles!”

Alastor's eyebrows raised. “...You're right. I suppose I could.” He shot his tentacles out and grabbed Vox by the waist, then brought him closer. “Like this?”

The tendrils covered Vox’s gills, choking him just a bit. “Yep, that's good,” he struggled to speak.

The tentacles dropped Vox on Alastor's thighs, then were brought to his hands. “Prep yourself,” Alastor said. The wet tentacles squirmed in Vox’s hands, never unmoving, similar to a tongue.

“Are these… really the best option?”

“They’re lubed enough. Get on with it, before I get bored.”

Vox, who was striving to please, brought the two tendrils to his ass and put the tips in.

Alastor, who was getting bored, shoved them up higher. “Can't you hurry it up over there?”

“Fuck, that hurts-!” Vox clenched around the tentacles. They squirmed with intent, mapping every part of his insides. They narrowly avoided Vox’s prostate, scissoring apart.

“You already feel so tight,” he murmured, twirling the wet limbs around. “Shame you'll only be this tight for my tentacles.”

“T-then stop now, while you're ahead.”

“Wouldn't that just hurt?”

“Just do it!”

Alastor removed the tendrils from Vox's body with a squelch noise. "How kind of you. Sacrificing your own pleasure for mine, quite *noble*." The tentacles wrapped around Vox's chest and armpits. "Are you ready?"

"Very." Vox's body was lifted, then dropped onto Alastor's dick. He immediately grunted, his eyes clenched shut.

"God, Vox…" He gripped onto Vox's thighs.

"Don't tell me you're losing your cool already," Vox spoke breathlessly. "You *just* got inside me."

"No, I'm… Ugh, *fuck*!" His tentacles dragged Vox up, then slammed him back down. Alastor repeated the motion, his cock roughly piercing Vox's body.

The side of Alastor's dick rubbed against Vox's prostate. "Shit," he forced his eyes shut. "Too rough…"

"No, open your eyes."

His eyes opened hesitantly. "Why?"

"I want to look at them. They're-" He thrusted into Vox, breathing heavily while doing so. "They're quite interesting."

Vox's screen shifted to a colour more similar to cyan. He looked to the side. "Thanks," he mumbled.

“You know,” Alastor started, lifting and dropping Vox onto his cock. “you're being pretty quiet.” He used his tentacles to twist Vox’s body, now aiming to hit his prostate with every thrust.

He immediately responded to the new angle, whimpering and moaning at every chance.

“I think this suits you better. Your name is- *ugh*- pretty fitting, hm? Do you know anything else in Latin?” asked Alastor.

“Te… Te amo- fuck!” Vox came, then let his head fall back.

“What does that mean?”

Vox didn't respond, only groaned. His body occasionally twitched as Alastor continued hitting his prostate.

“Don’t leave me hanging now.”

He leaned into the tentacles holding him. “Please… I-I need a break!”

“I don't think so,” Alastor smiled cruelly. He then sat up a bit and leaned towards Vox’s head. “Though, you can use the safe word if you *really* need to stop,” he whispered.

Vox nodded silently.

He dug his claws into Vox’s thighs. “I-I think I’m gonna… Vox, can I please…?”

“...You're asking me?”

“Yes, please… I need-I need to come so *bad*.”

Vox grabbed onto Alastor's arms and electrocuted him. “Go ahead.”

“*Vox*-” he choked, thrusting his hips deep into Vox. Come dripped from Vox’s hole. Alastor collapsed, tentacles losing hold of the other sinner.

Vox toppled onto Alastor's chest, his dick still deep inside of him. He yawned, then sniffed Alastor's scent.

He wrapped his arms around Vox’s neck. “We should take a break.”

“Agreed,” Vox nuzzles his head beneath Alastor's. “Can't believe you were dominating me, then you started begging for me to let you come.”

“Shut up.” He flicked Vox’s bent antenna. His ear flicked. Alastor moved a hand to Vox’s gills and caressed the sensitive flesh.

Vox’s breath stuttered. His gills released hot air onto Alastor's hand.

“Something wrong?”

“No, it… It just feels nice.”

“Nice in what *way*?”

“It’s not sexual–well, kinda. It's more sensitive than my arm, for example, but definitely not as sensitive as my dick. It's a lot more sexual when you're still inside me, though.”

“Ah, right,” he said. He tried to pull Vox off his body, but he clung to Alastor. “Hm?”

“Let me stay a bit longer,” Vox mumbled.

“Fine.” Alastor shut his eyes. “So, you speak Latin?”

“I took it in high school, but I forgot basically everything.”

“Ah, of course you did. What does ‘te amo’ mean, again?”

Vox didn't respond; he instead shifted his hips up and down. The come lubricated his body even more than it already was.

“*Vox*...” he warned.

“Keep touching my gills.”

Alastor continued fondling the slits near Vox’s ribs.

Vox began rutting his dick against Alastor's stomach. He then sat up fully, arms on Alastor's sides. “Okay, no more being tired. Let's get back to business.”

“Alright. Should I use my tentacles again?”

“Yep.”

The tendrils wrapped back around Vox’s upper half. Whether it was from Vox’s sweat or some natural thing, they felt strangely moist.

Vox grabbed onto Alastor's hands, sending small electric shocks. “Remember how I said I'd take advantage of your little electric kink?”

“Ah, right.” He rolled his eyes. The tentacles holding Vox began thrusting him once again. “You can try your best to seem tough, but I'm sure you'll go back to being submissive.”

“Ugh, we'll see about that!” Electricity invaded Alastor's body. Vox swore he saw Alastor's eyes turn black.

“[illegible]” he shrieked. He let out a deep exhale. “Was that necessary?”

“Not my fault you look so hot getting electrocuted.”

“You're disgusting.”

“Yeah, but I'm not the only one enjoying the electricity. Isn't that right?” Vox reached for the deer's ears and sent lightning shocks.

Alastor bit his lip before another scream could erupt. Tears pricked at his eyes, though he kept them wide so they wouldn't escape. “Creep.”

“Keep degrading me, and I might come from that alone.” Vox winked.

He cringed, looking to the side.

“What?”

“I can't say I don't enjoy your usual pathetic self, but that was plain *gross*.”

Vox ignored the second half of the sentence. “Wait, hold on, are you saying you're *into* me being pathetic?”

“...I suppose I am, yes.”

“Haha! Ahaha! Fuck yes! You get turned on by me, fucking loser!” he mocked, laughing loudly.

“Instead of gloating,” Alastor gripped onto Vox’s neck. He squeezed the sides, feeling the bone. “why don't you take advantage of that and *get* me turned on?”

“Ah, right… Sorry!”

The tentacles tightened around Vox’s upper half. The makeshift bondage commenced rising and falling.

“That's much better.” His hands fell back onto Vox’s inner thighs.

Vox’s dick rose again with time. The few beads of come that released the first time dripped down, sticking onto Alastor's stomach.

Alastor wrapped his hand around Vox’s dick, his fingers barely able to touch. The slight sparks that Vox was sending rushed back into his body. “Yours is bigger than mine.”

Vox was silent, except for the occasional whimper.

“It’s kind of sad to watch as it flails around, looking for friction,” Alastor moved his hand up and down slowly. “Is this good enough?"

“Yes- *please*-!” Vox rolled his head back. The only thing supporting his body was the tentacles wrapped beneath his armpits. He was close.

“You're so *pathetic*. It's almost hard to watch, y-yet I just can't look away. What if I were to…” Alastor let go of Vox’s cock.

“No… Please, Alastor!”

“You say ‘please’ a lot. Why should *I* help *you*?”

“Because I’m- helping you!”

“That doesn't give you the right to be telling *me* what to do. I'd appreciate it if you apologized.”

“...I'm sorry-! So, so sorry! Ngh-” Vox began sobbing, a tear streaming down his screen. “Please, Alastor, just touch me!”

“Mm, that's better, right?” Alastor gave Vox his touch again, stroking him much faster. He groaned at the feeling of Vox tightening. “Wow, it's even helping me! I suppose I should listen to you more often.”

Vox arched his back. “Thank you *so much*…”

“Wow, you're learning your manners,” murmured Alastor. He bit his lip. One of his tentacles wiped the tear falling down Vox's screen.

Vox clenched around him, then smiled. “Haha, you're g-getting better at hiding your noises.”

“You've given me some practice.”

Vox rolled his eyes, glancing at the tentacles moving him. “Isn't this a bit slow?”

Alastor tilted his head. “What, can't handle it?”

“There’s *no way* you can come from this.”

“You underestimate me- or maybe over. I am fine.”

Vox gave a thin smile, his face similar to the Cheshire Cat. “Please, Alastor, just *breed* me already.”

“...Vox.” Alastor was far too weak.

Vox pulled himself against the (surprisingly strong) tentacles, grabbed onto Alastor's shoulders, and shocked him. “Pump me full of your come. Maybe I'll have your little fawns. Doesn't it sound so nice?”

Alastor closed his eyes, groaning. He pulled Vox back with the tentacles, thrusting him rapidly. His hand fell off of Vox’s dick.

Vox let his limbs fall, being puppeteered by Alastor's tentacles. His cock bounced with every rough thrust. “Can I t-touch myself?”

Alastor nodded, eyes squeezed shut.

“Haha… You're so predictable in your rut…” Vox grabbed Alastor’s waist with his left hand and shocked him.

The tentacles kept thrusting into Vox rapidly. Alastor's eyes looked darker than usual. His antlers also looked much bigger–in fact, all of him was getting bigger. He grabbed onto Vox’s waist with both hands, then shoved his growing fingers into his gills.

Vox immediately yelped upon contact. “Alastor, fuck-!”

Meanwhile, Alastor was looking like more of an eldritch horror by the second. Mysterious green-coloured smoke appeared around him as his limbs grew, not a single one staying the same size.

Vox's non-existent hairs stood on end as he felt Alastor grow inside him. As if fingering his gills wasn't enough, Alastor was reaching places he didn't think were possible. Even when he was brought up, Alastor's tip just barely rubbed against his prostate. More tentacles appeared behind Vox, wrapping around his chest. He leaned back into them, closing his eyes.

Alastor growled for no apparent reason. His fingers dug into Vox’s cyan-coloured gills, while his thumbs scratched his stomach. He began laughing, his voice low and glitchy. “You’re mine. I am the only one who deserves to see you in this state: all sweaty and stuffed full. I will breed you so hard you'll never want anything more than to be full of nothing but me and my semen again.”

Vox cringed at his use of medical terms, though he couldn’t dwell on the thought for too long. “Why the *fuck* are you so- ugh- big?!”

“These cursed tentacles aren't fast enough.” Alastor sat up, grabbed Vox’s hips (though still keeping two of his fingers in his bottom gills), and began using him like a toy.

Vox gasped, his face far too close to Alastor's. “Hey,” he said breathlessly.

Alastor narrowed his black eyes. “[illegible]”

He sighed, resting his head on Alastor's shoulder. It was much taller than usual, so he let the top of his screen sit against Alastor's heat-producing body. Vox’s dick rubbed against the spent-covered part of Alastor's stomach. He smelt the other alpha's scent, and it was *strong*. It was a mixture of sweat and black coffee, and Vox couldn't get enough. He felt his eyes water as he wrapped his arms around Alastor's chest. “A-Al, I'm close…”

Alastor's breath was fast and rough, his face flushed and also looking more monstrous than usual. “[illegible]” He gave Vox one final deep thrust, coming deep inside. His claws dug deep into his stomach.

Vox hugged Alastor close and humped into his stomach as he came just a few drops. And then, he froze. His arms gripped Alastor harder, as if in rigor mortis.

He fell back after coming, unintentionally dragging Vox with him. His limbs began shrinking as his dick exited Vox’s body. Alastor removed his fingers from Vox’s gills and the skin on his stomach, then he let his arms fall back on the bed–though Vox kept his arms wrapped around him.

The two of them were silent, though it was a comfortable silence.

“We should clean up soon. There's come drying on your stomach.”

“Don’t be so lewd,” Alastor muttered, pushing Vox while sitting up.

“How do you think it *got* there?” asked Vox sarcastically

Alastor rolled his eyes. “I suppose you're right; we should clean up. I’ll shower first.”

“Ugh, you suck.”

Vox lay back on the bed, resting his screen on Alastor's pillow. “Wow. Today was great,” he turned his head to Alastor, who was still sitting up. “...I love you, babe.”

Alastor didn't respond, staring at his wall, straight-faced.

“Al?”

“...Vox.” Alastor fell back next to him.

“Please…”

“What?”

“Please just be honest with me... Did I just spend about an hour riding you, hoping you'd change your mind about me?”

“My mind… hasn't changed.”

Vox sat up, holding his screen, barely smiling. “Of course,” he said quietly. “It's fine.”

“No- Vox.”

“It’s fine.”

“Just listen for a second-”

“It’s *fine*,” his voice glitched. “I don't care. It doesn't matter.”

Alastor held his hand out to reach for Vox’s shoulder, until he flinched.

Vox curled his knees into himself. “*Fuck*. It's fine. It's fine.”

Alastor pushed his knees down, staring at his screen intently.

Vox’s face was glitchy and wide-eyed, no longer smiling.

Al wound his arm back and punched Vox in the chest.

Vox fell back, distracted from his panic attack. “W-what the fuck was that for?!”

“Frown!” yelled Alastor, looking sadder than Vox.

Vox blinked, confused. “What? Wait, our safe word? And action?”

Alastor brought his hands to his face. “Listen, I…”

“Please, Alastor, just tell me how you feel!” Vox got back to his feet.

“I *can’t*,” Alastor looked down.

The television sighed and grabbed Al’s shoulders. “Alastor, look into my eyes.”

He looked up at Vox’s screen. One of his eyes was larger than the other, with a hypnotic swirl in the middle. “What do you think you’re doing?”

“It won’t work unless you calm down. I just need you to clear your mind and ***trust me***.”

Against his better judgment, Alastor focused intently on Vox’s bright face. The thoughts in the back of his mind began to fade with time–though he couldn’t tell how much time exactly. Everything felt far too fast and far too slow.

“Alastor, tell me how you really feel.” Vox’s voice hardly registered in Alastor’s ears, just a few noises coming through. Alastor autonomously replied anyway.

“I think I love you. I'm not sure, but I care about you just as much as the people closest to me. I don't want you to leave again-” Alastor responded in a slightly robotic-sounding voice, before he cut himself off. He refocused his eyes to see tears rushing down Vox’s screen. “How much did I say?”

Vox sniffled then smiled. “Everything I needed.” He pulled Alastor in for a hug.

The deer hesitantly reciprocated and gave the other demon a few pats on the back. He rested his head in the crook of Vox’s neck and took a deep breath.

“Where did you go seven years ago? You didn’t answer me the other day.”

“I’m sorry, I can’t tell you.”

Vox pulled away from the hug, but kept his hands on Alastor’s shoulders. “Then what about seventy years ago? Why did you reject me then? We were so *close*.”

“I'm not going to be taken advantage of,” Alastor retaliated.

“We’re closer to equals now than we’ll ever be! We don’t need to become enemies again. I want to be as close as we were before!”

“Vox, I don’t want to be business part-”

“Fine! We don’t need to be business partners! Just- please, Al,” Vox grabbed onto the other's waist, “will you let me be your boyfriend?”

Alastor’s eyes widened. “Yes,” he said, hardly having thought about his response.

“Really?!” Vox exclaimed.

The deer would’ve usually said something similar to ‘You thought I was serious?’ or ‘Obviously not, you fool!’ but instead, he gave the same reply. “*Yes*.”

Vox let go of Al’s waist, hands shaky. “No way. Am I *dreaming*? ‘Cause it feels like I’m dreaming. Wait, let me test.” He lifted his hand, then gave his screen a hard smack. “Ow!”

Alastor lifted his arms towards the television’s screen. “What the hell do you think you’re doing?! You’re meant to pinch, not slap yourself silly!”

He held his hand to the side of his screen before letting go and looking at Alastor. “You cared?” he said, batting non-existent eyelashes.

“Ugh, forget it.”

“No, I don’t think I will. Besides, you have to take care of me!”

“Why should I do that?”

“Because I’m your *boyfriend*!~” Vox sang.

Alastor groaned, almost regretting his decision.

Vox sighed happily and wrapped his arms around the deer. “Can I kiss you?”

“Fine,” he rolled his eyes, grabbed each side of Vox’s screen, and leaned in for a kiss.

This time, Vox didn’t shove his tongue into the other’s mouth; instead, he savoured Alastor’s kindness. He still couldn’t believe how the deer came to *him* that fateful day, out of any demon. He then let go. Vox twiddled with his thumbs. “It’s getting late, huh?”

“What are you getting at?” Alastor crossed his arms. He could tell by the stupid expression on Vox’s face that he was going to say something embarrassing.

“...Can I sleep here?” The middle of his screen shifted to cyan.

Of all the things Vox had said that night, he was blushing over *that*? “Yeah, sure. Let me get you some pajamas.” He walked to his dresser.

“*Your* pajamas?” Vox followed the other demon.

“You let me borrow your clothes, does it really matter?” Alastor grabbed a pair of clothes. “Here, take these.” The shirt was a red long-sleeved sweater, reading ‘I A-Deer You!’ with a crude drawing of a deer on the front, while the pants were plain black sweatpants.

“...Really? ‘I A-Deer You’? That's not even clever!” Vox held the shirt up in the air.

“I'm only letting you wear them because I never do. They were a gift.”

“Whatever, I'll take it. Do you mind if I change here?”

“It’s not like I'd be seeing anything new,” Al shooed Vox away, grabbing more pajamas from his drawers. “Go ahead.” He grabbed a pair of matching red frilly pajamas.

They both hopped into Alastor's cozy pajamas and got into bed. The deer let out an exhale and pulled the covers up to his neck.

Vox pulled at the collar of his shirt uncomfortably. “Can I take this off? I always sleep shirtless.”

“You will not be shirtless in this bed. I do appreciate you asking, though,” Alastor shifted his head onto the other’s chest.

The television ignored what the two of them had previously done, sighed, and leaned into Al’s head. He shut his eyes, preparing to fall asleep.

“This makes me a homosexual, doesn’t it?” Alastor cut through the silence, his eyes wide open.

“Well… yeah,” Vox said awkwardly, “I thought you would’ve figured that out by now.”

“We can’t let this get out,” he said, gripping the roots of his scarlet hair.

Vox grabbed Alastor’s arm. “You *do* know what year it is on Earth, right?”

“2000 and something?”

“Yep. Nobody–well, nobody normal–cares if you’re gay anymore. I mean, Angel Dust is Val’s most famous actor. I’m basically publicly bisexual, and nobody says a thing. I promise, you’ll be fine,” Vox massaged the other demon’s forearm with his thumb.

“‘Bisexual’? What’s that?” Alastor’s head tilted, ears also drooping to the side.

“It means I like both men and women.”

He nodded, then rested his head back onto Vox’s chest. “Hm.”

Vox chuckled lightly, trying to not affect the head resting on him. “I always thought you were straight. I assumed that’s why you rejected me.”

“No, I’ve always… liked you a bit,” Alastor blushed.

Vox’s eyes widened. “Really?”

“No, not ‘liked’, I’ve always *loved* you.”

“...Wow. Well, you told me 70 years too late! I wish I had known this earlier! We could've been, like, married by now!”

Alastor sighed. “Just go to sleep. It's late.” He let his head rest on Vox’s chest again, but his cheek felt a bit itchy. “You can take your shirt off if you'd like.”

Vox blinked. “Really?”

“Mm, yeah. It *is* pretty scratchy.”

“You sure it isn't because you wanna see me shirtless again?”

“I'm sure.” He wasn't fully sure. Skin-to-skin contact *would* be nice…

“Mhm.” Vox practically ripped the shirt off and threw it across Alastor's bedroom.

“Watch it. You'll break something, moron.”

He ignored Alastor's complaints and rested his hands behind his screen. “This is *nice*.”

“It is,” Alastor murmured. He took a deep breath and let his head rest on Vox’s chest. “I think my rut's over.”

“That's a bummer.” Vox’s voice was monotone.

“No, it isn't?! I've been suffering all week!” he yelled.

“I just mean…” He moved his hand to play with Alastor's red hair. “Will we still hang out together?”

Alastor's eyes shut. “Why else would I agree to be your boyfriend?”

“...I don't know. It only started because you needed to feel better.” Vox scratched the base of the deer's ears.

“That wasn't the only reason.”

“Really?”

“I suppose if I'm your *boyfriend* now, I should be more honest with you…”

“Yes, please.”

“I missed you, I guess. There probably *was* someone else I could've gone to, but the situation was just perfectly aligned. I do appreciate your help that night.” Alastor leaned into the hand petting him.

Vox snickered. “I don't think there would ever be a situation where I would say no that night. By the way, was there anything I did that… You weren’t comfortable with? I might as well ask now.”

He racked his brain. “No, it was good,” he decided.

“Wow, that's direct. Anything else you wanna try?” Vox asked.

“Hm…” Alastor thought for a moment, though there was one thing he'd been waiting to ask. “Can I bite you? Hard.”

“Um… I mean, I'm not a masochist, but we can… Try.” Vox extended his arm shakily as if trying to pet a stray cat.

“Right now?” Alastor grabbed his forearm. “You sure?”

“If it makes you happy, then sure.” He took a deep breath, preparing for impact.

Alastor sank his teeth into Vox’s skin, just as he wanted to do before. He hit electrical wires and blue blood.

Vox sharply inhaled. “Fuck-fuck-fu~uck! Holy *shit*, that hurts!”

He removed his mouth from Vox’s arm. “Do you want me to stop?”

“I can t-take it- ow- I'll use the safe word if I need it!” Blood dripped slowly down his arm.

Alastor went back to tasting Vox’s flesh without another word. He gave a small wound out of fear, but it was enough to taste Vox’s strange flavor. He tasted more metallic than usual blood, and the wires moved along Alastor's tongue like angel hair.

He grabbed Vox’s non-bitten hand and looked him in the eyes, comforting him.

Vox’s face glitched. “Ow, fuck…”

Alastor licked around the hard parts in Vox’s circuitry to give him a sense of comfort while his arm was being ripped open. He took one final taste of the blue blood before backing

Vox’s arm away. “I'll get you some bandages!” Alastor stood up and began searching through his drawers.

Vox held the wound tightly to prevent blood from leaking. It pooled into his palm. “...Holy shit.”

He returned to Vox’s side with a package of gauze. “Do you need my help to patch this up?”

Vox inhaled. “Yes, please.”

Alastor unboxed the bandage and then started wrapping it around Vox’s gash. The blue blood leaked slightly through the first layer, then was completely covered by the third. He finished it with medical tape. “There we go. Feel better?”

“Not really. Still hurts, you did dig into my arm, after all.” Vox felt the gauze.

“It'll heal by tomorrow. Now, let's go back to bed, dear.” Alastor pulled the covers back on top of himself.

“That's it?”

“What?”

Vox tilted his head in surprise. “I thought you would've gotten horny from that. You did say it was a kink.”

“Are *you* still feeling hot and bothered?” asked Alastor.

“No… I’m kinda out of fuel. I'm also not really into masochism. It just seemed like you really liked it.”

“I did. But now that my rut's finally gone, my drive is lowered a lot. From about 80 to 5 percent.”

“What would an ordinary sex drive be? For reference.”

“Hm, in this metaphor, you'd likely be 70 percent.”

“So… Are we like, never having sex again?”

Alastor grabbed Vox’s bandaged arm. “I wouldn’t say that. Besides, I don't mind helping you every once in a while.”

Vox leaned into the pillow beneath his screen. “What about your ruts? Are you going to keep taking pills?”

“Maybe I'll keep them sometimes. It's just hard to be alone.” The corners of Alastor's smile twitched.

“Right, sorry…” Vox muttered.

The deer's ears fell back slightly. “It’s not your fault.”

“It is, though. I left you all alone during your *rut*. I'm just… Selfish,” he stammered.

“I would've done the same thing. I was just too much of a coward to tell you how I felt.” Alastor's voice was quiet.

Vox grabbed Alastor’s face. “Don’t call yourself a coward!”

“So you're the only one allowed to be self-deprecating? You shouldn't call yourself selfish,” he said.

“I'm just… I'm sorry for leaving you.” Vox’s eyes didn't look at Alastor's.

“I'm sorry for making you *want* to leave.”

“Ugh! Okay, I'm not arguing about who's sorry-er. We're both sorry.”

“Fine. You're lucky I'm too tired to argue.”

Vox released Alastor's face, who went back to snuggling on his chest.

He yawned, frog-blinking.

“How are you so tired? It's like, 10 at the latest,” asked Vox.

“Our previous activities were pretty tiring,” Alastor responded.

“The biting?”

“No, before that.”

“The sex?” Vox laughed. “You can say sex, you know.”

Alastor rolled his eyes. “Does it matter?”

“It’s funny how you're such a prude normally, but then during sex you're like,” Vox imitated Alastor's voice, “*I will breed you so hard you'll never want anything more than to be full of nothing but me and my seme-*”

Alastor slapped Vox across the screen. “Don’t use my voice for such perverse things!”

“I wasn't the one who said it earlier!” Vox smirked.

Alastor eventually started laughing. “You're such a *creep*.”

“*I'm* the creep? Alright, Mr. Surprise Breeding Kink.” Vox began laughing along with Alastor.

Their laughs slowly softened with time.

“You know, I'm not gonna be able to fall asleep with that bright screen of yours,” Alastor reminded him.

“...Can I tell you a secret?” he asked.

“Go ahead.”

“There’s a button on the back of my screen, and I'll automatically fall asleep if it's pressed.” Vox pointed behind his head.

“Can I press it?” Alastor requested. His hands quickly moved to where Vox was pointing, waiting for the signal.

“Fine. It's the smallest o-” Vox was interrupted by Alastor clicking the button. His body went limp like a rag doll, and his screen went pitch black.

Alastor stared at the lifeless-looking body. “Wow. So you're… sleeping?”

Vox didn't answer–obviously.

Alastor leaned into his screen and gave an experimental kiss where his mouth would be. Usually, Vox’s mouth would respond accordingly, but he wasn't here. It felt like he was kissing a window, cold and glass-like.

He moved back onto Vox’s chest. “Goodnight, darling.”

Chapter End Notes

for anyone who doesn't know, 'te amo' means i love you (i think, i translated it)

tysm for reading until the end!!! i appreciate every comment, kudos, and hit. seeing your kind comments gives me motivation to keep writing <3

i had so much fun writing this, radiostatic deserves more non-traditional a/b/o dynamics

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!